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· LIFE ·

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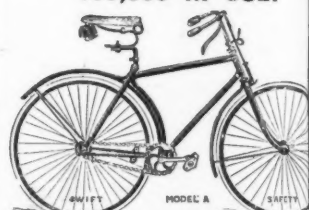
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A Day

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CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME
"RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO
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VOLUME XVII.

· LIFE ·

NUMBER 434.



"MEN PROPOSE TOO SUDDENLY, DON'T YOU THINK?"

"YES, AND NOT OFTEN ENOUGH. LIFE WOULD REALLY BE WORTH LIVING IF IT WASN'T FOR THE MEN."

DID HE CATCH THE POINT?

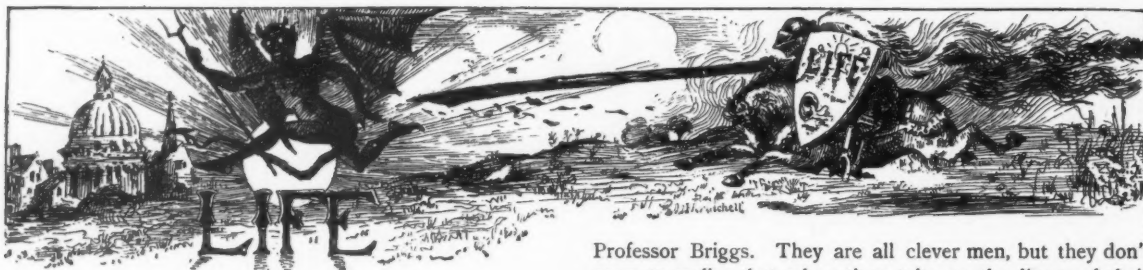
LORD ALGERNON: I really consider it my duty to marry some American girl.

ETHEL: A duty for revenue only, is it not?

THE OPEN SEASON.

"YOU think you are getting a little fly, don't you?" said the man to the trout as he leisurely pulled him in.

"I do seem to be catching on," replied the trout.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVII. APRIL 23, 1891. No. 434.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV. and XVI., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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BROTHER BLAINE is not at all slow. He has learned from some astute politicians connected with the effete monarchies of Europe what a strong weapon in home politics is energetic Jingoism. Simultaneous with the Italian difficulty he coyly admits that he might in certain events be willing to accept the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1892. So far, Brother Blaine hasn't shown any very tremendous diplomatic abilities, but we may be sure that if there is any political capital to be made out of the Italian episode, James Gillespie Blaine will see to it that the aforesaid capital shall be carefully put to his own individual credit.

Brother Blaine knows, too, that if anything serious should come from the Italian matter, the United States will feel that it needs a Strong Man. The present administration is so insignificant, that next time he may be sure the party won't pick out another Harrison. Strong Men are scarce now-a-days in both parties, and Brother Blaine is clever in springing his candidacy at the moment when the feeling in favor of Strong Men is likely to become pronounced.

AND speaking of Mr. Harrison, isn't it nice that our little President is able to go off junketing in such a magnificent special train of palace cars as the newspapers describe. It isn't quite like the frugal family from Indianapolis to jump into such extravagance, but a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year is apt to make even the most thrifty man a bit reckless in his expenditures. Of course, it isn't to be thought of for a moment that the President of the United States would sponge on the railroad corporations for such gorgeous accommodations for his family and personal friends. It must be a great comfort, too, for the President to have his son Russell in the party.

OUR good friends, the preachers, are getting into a lot of trouble. Right on the footsteps of the Ohio scandal, come the difficulties of Heber Newton, Dr. Rainsford and

Professor Briggs. They are all clever men, but they don't seem to realize that when they take on the livery of their respective creeds, they are bound by that fact to give up all liberty of speech, or thought, or action.

THE Chicago people have put a newspaper man in charge of their end of the World's Fair. They have picked out James W. Scott, who has made two decent newspapers succeed in Chicago, and this ought to be a sufficient guarantee of his ability. There is something in the scriptures about the man who made two blades of grass grow where none grew before, and if Mr. Scott, in addition to following that man's example in the newspaper line, shall make a success of the Fair, there is no telling what rewards may come to him.

THE authenticity of the following incident is vouched for by the *Evening Sun*:

ST. LOUIS, April 13.—The Sisters of the Visitation report a miracle which was performed in their midst on Thursday. For five years Sister Mary Philomena has suffered from an abscess that threatened permanent injury to the brain. Partial blindness resulted. Dr. Adolph Alt, the attending physician, gave up all hope of recovery unless an operation was performed. The sister was told to choose for herself. Her decision was that before she would submit to an operation she would ask that prayers be said to the Blessed Sister, Margaret Mary, in her behalf. On Tuesday, Sister Baptista visited the sick nun and offered up a Novena in private prayer. She also gave her a relic. In a paroxysm of pain Wednesday night Sister Philomena swallowed the relic. When she awoke she felt a strange pricking above her left eye. Lifting her hand to the spot she felt a needle, which she grasped and pulled out, and transfixing on its point was the relic that the Sister had swallowed. The truth of the marvellous miracle is vouched for by Dr. Alt and the Mother Superior.

LIFE has the credit of being funny sometimes, but it couldn't tell as funny a story as that if it tried.

NOW that the authors have had their own way in the matter of International Copyright, they are taking up their old feud against the publishers. Ever since the days of Bunyan and Bacon, there has been no doubt that all publishers were scoundrels and thieves—at least, in the minds of the authors. All of which probably comes from faults on both sides. The authors know nothing about business, and the publishers forget that they are dealing with the thinnest-skinned race on the face of the earth. When the authors come to recognize their own deficiencies, and when the publishers come to know that they are dealing with people to whom all business transactions must be made even plainer than A, B, C, we may hope that peace will reign in this antique warfare—and not before.



A STREET SWEEPER OF '91.

TO LALAGE.

'TIS sad, I know, but when I think
On you, and on your ways, Miss,
I'm fain to waste my time and ink,
On madrigals and lays, Miss;
I wish you were not half so kind,
So fair, so sweet, so gentle,
Or else, that I'd the strength of mind
Not to grow sentimental.

I know I love you with my verse,
Alas, full well I know it!
Yet must my love in rhyme
rehearse,
For why? I am a poet.
But well *you* know, come
prose, come rhyme,
There's none that ranks
above you,
And that, nor Death, nor old
man Time
Can prove I do not love you.

Wm. B. McVickar.

COUNT VON STUTENHAUFENHAUSER (*on the Albany boat*): Ach, goot; but you haf no robber-baron castles auf dem Hudson!

BOND: Why, there's Jay Gould's country-place over there.

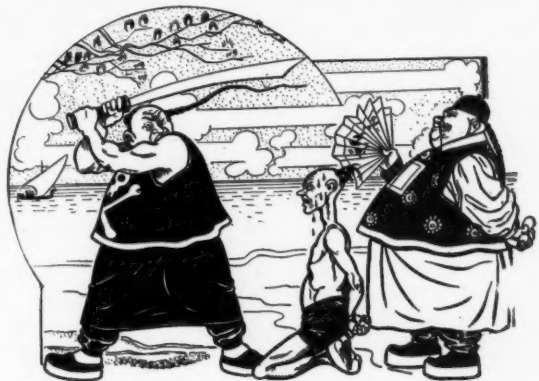
"W HATEVER induced you to marry Fred?"
"Fred, of course."



The Fat One: WHAT WOULD YER DO BILLY IF DAT LION WUS TER BREAK LOOSE?

The Lean One: I'D GET BEHIND YOU. HE WOULDN'T GRAB AT A BONE WHEN HE COULD GET MEAT!

THE UNEXPECTED.



THE SITUATION.

BLAINE: Please explain why you killed those eleven Italians.

NICHOLS: Nice day, isn't it?

GEORGE: Misfortune has its recompenses.

ETHEL: How do you make that out?

GEORGE: The homely girl can eat onions.

T HE theatrical manager is known by the company he keeps.

BOOKISHNESS

SOME MAXIMS OF SUCCESS.

MISS WORMELEY has added to her series of excellent translations Balzac's "Lily of the Valley" (Roberts Bros.)—a study of the heart of a young man, which would repay any reader, even if there were nothing notable in it except the letter of advice which *Henriette* gives to *Félix* when he is about to launch into the great world of Paris. It would be hard to find, in such brief compass, anywhere, so much of the gospel of worldly success. Here are the rules formulated which make men masters of the situation; and yet they are not cynical. It is a dignified, well-bred, stable success, which the wise woman would teach to her pupil.

"Be not too confiding, nor frivolous, nor over-enthusiastic—three rocks on which youth often strikes. Too confiding a nature loses respect, frivolity brings contempt, and others take advantage of excessive enthusiasm."

"Keep enthusiasm within the region of the heart's communion. Keep it for woman and for God."

"One of the most important rules in the science of manners is that of almost absolute silence about ourselves."

"Young people are pitiless because they know nothing of life and its difficulties. Be severe, therefore, to none but yourself."

"Do not be always seeking to please others. I advise a certain coldness in your relations with men which may even amount to indifference."

"Be no man's vassal, and bring yourself out of your own difficulties."

"Cultivate influential women. Influential women are old women. They will show you the cross-roads which will bring you soonest to your goal."

"Avoid young women. The woman of fifty will do all for you, the woman of twenty will do nothing; she wants your whole life, while the other asks only a few attentions."

These are more than aphorisms—they are the essence of experience and of wise insight. It is because of these qualities that men of affairs read Balzac, and their admiration increases with their years and wisdom. If the "Young Person" for whom, it is said, our novels are written, can be led by these translations to see something more in fiction than the vain imaginings of immature and inexperienced people, we may hope, by-and-by, for a standard of popular judgment which will not exalt to the dignity of great novels, certain provincial studies of insignificant characters.

* * *

THE novel "Jerry" (Holt), has on its title page the author's name (which was not revealed during its serial publication)—Sarah Barnwell Elliott, a Tennessean.

If one looks over the completed story for reasons for its notable success, one will be most impressed with its intensity as the chief factor in that success. The story opens on a plane of deep emotional force, and never for a chapter does it sink below that level. That the pathos of the opening chapters of *Jerry's* wanderings should deepen into the complex emotions which ruled him as a man, and that the seeds of the tragedy should be seen to grow from year to year to

inevitable flower and fruit—these are the author's best achievements, and they cannot be accomplished without unusual persistence and force of imagination.

It is remarkable, also, that a story should have been so popular as this, without a woman in it, or a love episode of any kind. There is the merest flutter of petticoats in one or two chapters—but the women have nothing to do with the story. It is a man's story written by a woman, and the criticism which some men will surely make upon it is that the hero acts too often from motives which are feminine. The author might reply that it was the woman in *Jerry* which made his character worth drawing, and which, in the end, produced the tragedy with which the story closes.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

ROSE BRAKE. Poems by Danske Dandridge. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Daughter of Lethe. By Roy Sellet. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

An Exceptional Case. By Itti Kinney-Reno. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Gentlemen. New York: Brentano's.

Chihuahua. A Social Drama. By Chester Gore Miller. Chicago: Kehn, Fietsch and Wilson Company.

The New Potato Culture. By Elbert S. Carman. New York: The Rural Publishing Company.

Three Months with the New York Herald. By Captain A. Minnott Wright. New York: William Beverley Harrison.

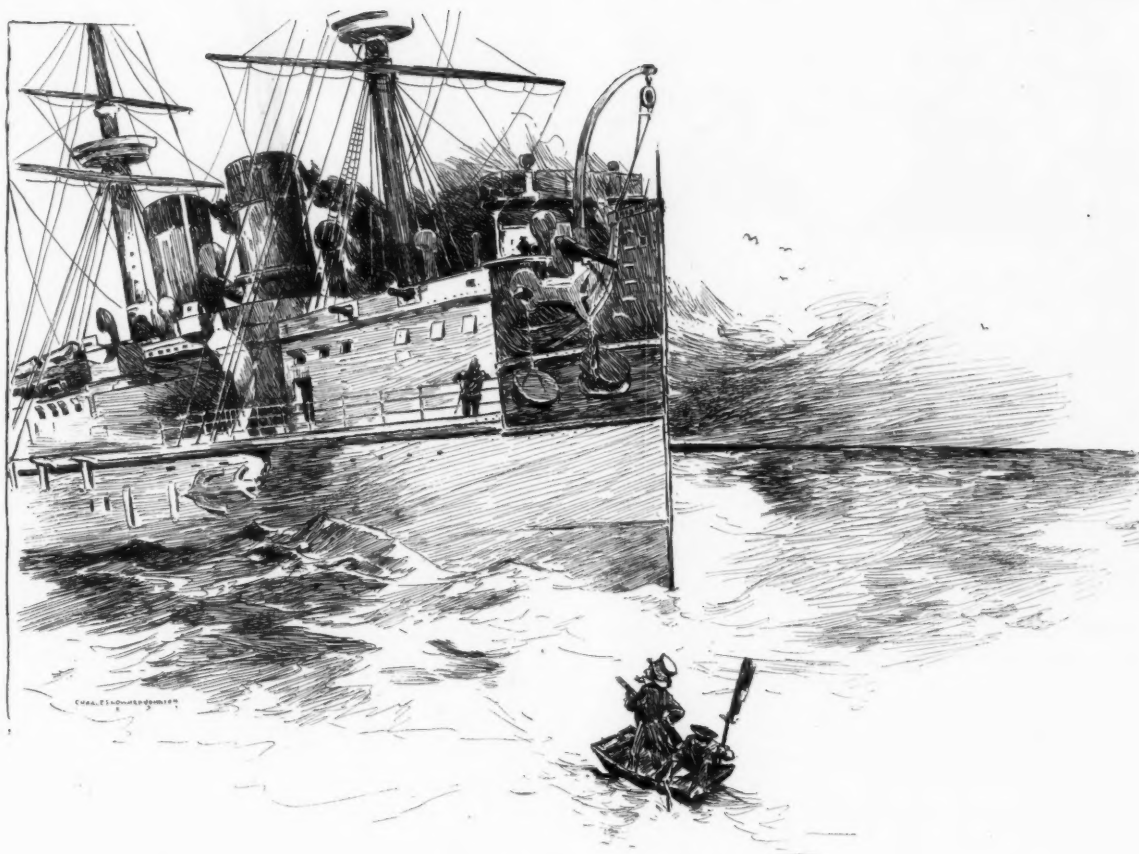
A Tariff Primer. By Porter Sherman, M. A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



A PITFALL.

She: LOVE IS BLIND, YOU KNOW.

He: NO—IT'S THE LOVER—THAT'S WHY HE FALLS INTO IT.



IN CASE OF HOSTILITIES.

Voice from Foreign Man-of-War: WELL, WHO ARE YOU?

Uncle Sam: THIS IS THE UNITED STATES NAVY, BY THUNDER! AND I AM HERE TO SINK YOU IF YOU DON'T GO HOME.

AN AUTHORITATIVE DECISION.

TOMMY came running to his father one day with a weight of trouble on his mind.

"Sadie says that the moon is made of green cheese, pa, and I don't believe it."

"Don't you believe it. Why not?"

"I know it isn't."

"But how do you know?"

"Is it papa?"

"Don't ask me that question; you must find out for yourself."

"How can I find it out?"

"You must study into it."



AN AFTER DINNER SPEAKER.

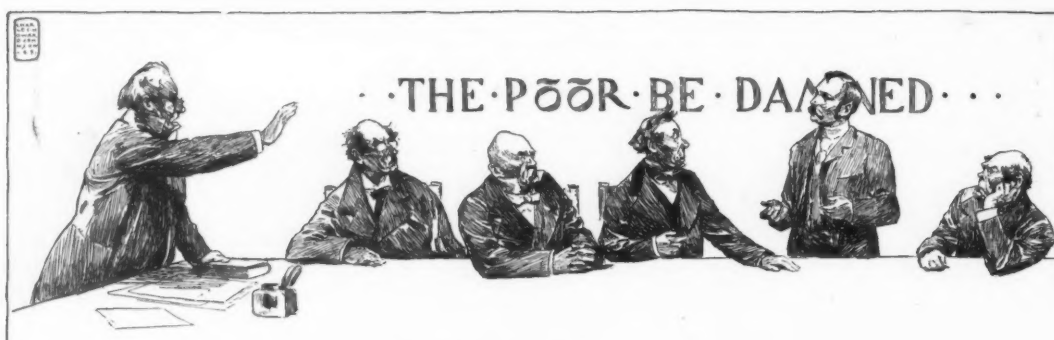
He went to the parlor, took the family bible from the table and was missed for some time, when he came running into the study.

"I have found it out; the moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows were."

ACCOMMODATING.

JINKS: Have you got quarters for a dollar, old man?

WINKS: My vest pocket is rather crowded but pass it over and I'll try to make room for it.



THE TRUSTEES IN SESSION.

THE CHAIRMAN called the meeting to order, and after prayer had been offered by Trustee Little soul, the board united in singing the hymn which begins:

"And every day will be Sunday over there."

TRUSTEE GRABITALL reported several munificent gifts and bequests from public-spirited citizens to the Metropolitan Museum in trust for the people of New York. These were unanimously accepted and each Trustee winked the other eye.

THE FINANCE COMMITTEE reported that it had audited and ordered paid the bill of expenses for keeping the Museum open Sundays for the benefit of the Trustees and their acquaintances. As this expenditure caused a deficit in the treasury it was recommended that for the next two months the Museum be kept open only one evening a week instead of two. The report was accepted and the recommendation adopted.

TRUSTEE KERR stated that he had overheard the third assistant janitor remark to a policeman that it was a shame the people down in his ward never had a chance to see the inside of the Museum. He moved that the offending janitor be discharged at once without a recommend. Carried.

TRUSTEE GOODHEART rose in his place and begged leave to make a few remarks. He stated that he felt diffident on account of his youth in offering suggestions to men older than himself and who were looked up to as being representative of the better elements in the community. But from his personal observation in other cities both abroad and in this country and from conversation with the progressive wide-awake men of the day, not only business men but men who were well-known for their practical and useful philanthropy, men who loved their fellow-men, he was forced to the conclusion that the Trustees were, in one particular at least, pursuing a mistaken course. Furthermore, from the point of view of public policy, he thought the Trustees were making a mistake. Every large city contains turbulent and dangerous elements which are increased both in number and kind because their minds have nothing elevating to dwell upon, and are perforce turned into lower channels. Knowing these things and knowing that he and his associates had in their keeping a tremendous means of popular education and

that they held it only as a sacred trust for the people, he would move that hereafter the Metropolitan Museum of Art be thrown open to the public on Sundays—

CHAIRMAN NARROWMIND sprang to his feet and called the Trustee to order. He stated that that question had been settled once for all, and it was nothing short of impertinence for the Trustee to allude to it. He supposed that next the Trustee would actually dare to bring a copy of LIFE into the sacred edifice.

TRUSTEE LITTLESOUL hoped and prayed, although he greatly doubted, that the Lord would forgive Brother Goodheart for his blasphemous remarks. It seemed to him that a man guilty of such wicked sentiments could not possibly escape the sulphurous flames and other torments of eternal punishment. As for himself, he should look down from his place among the angels upon his erring brother in the place below with infinite pity, but, he could not help confessing, with equal contentment and triumph.

TRUSTEE D'ONKI stated that he was surprised. "Them pictures," he said "cost money. Do we want rag, tag and bob-tail comin' in here and lookin' at 'em? No, sir. What do the laborin' people want o' pictures, any way? They couldn't tell a Rafael from a Titan, or a Mike Angelo from a Joan of Arc. First thing you know we'd be havin' people up here from Mulberry street and all them disreputable neighborhoods. We'd have people that never seen a pictur' in their lives. No, sir. Sunday's the Lord's day, an' it's a day of rest. Let them people stay down in their tenement houses and rest."

TRUSTEE MEWL said that he stood with Trustee D'Onki on this question and, as usual, they both stood firm. The Metropolitan Museum, he stated, was a respectable institution and was considered a great convenience by the friends and relatives of the Trustees. To have it opened to the public on Sundays would bring to it a lot of people who were not acquaintances of the families of the Trustees and whom they did not care to meet. Some of these people would be shabbily dressed and doubtless some of them would smell of onions. They would feel far more at home in the saloons down town, and that was the proper place for them.

TRUSTEE GOODHEART rose to withdraw his motion. He said he had been aware that his associates were followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and that their daily lives were governed entirely by Christian motives. Had he been aware, however, that they were so peculiarly sensitive on the subject of Sunday observance he would not have dared put in his impertinent and sacrilegious plea for giving pleasure and instruction to the poor.

There being no further business Chairman Narrowmind offered up a prayer and the meeting adjourned after singing the hymn which begins :

" This is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice."

MR. SNOPPS : Snipps, your chickens come over into my yard.
MR. SNIPPS : Yes, and they do not come back.



She (after the wedding) : DON'T YOU THINK IT STRANGE, JACK, THAT THE MINISTER DIDN'T CONGRATULATE THE BRIDE AND GROOM.
He : YOU FORGET THE MINISTER HAS BEEN TWICE MARRIED.



A KNOWING ONE.

NO, SIR ! THEY DON'T CATCH ME A BLOWIN' OUT THE GAS."

HE : May I kiss you just once ?
SHE : No.
HE (*unabashed*) : How many times ?



Toothpick Charley : WELL, SPIDER, HOW GOES IT ?
Spider : FINE ; WHY WHEN I FIRST WENT ON THE ROAD I HADN'T A RAG ON MY BACK. NOW LOOK AT ME. I'M ALL RAGS.

Thursday Night
He: "But Helen!"
She: "Jack this is final-I can
never be your wife"

"Man's love is of man's"
life a thing apart"

CHARLES HO
WARD JOHN
ON AG. 1825



Friday



Saturday



Sunday



Tuesday



Monday



Wednesday



Thursday

Her: "But Grace!"
She: Jack-this is final
I can never be
your wife

TO THE GIRLS IN LIFE.

HOW perfect are the gowns you wear,
Your figures how complete;
How finely moulded are your arms,
How dainty are your feet.

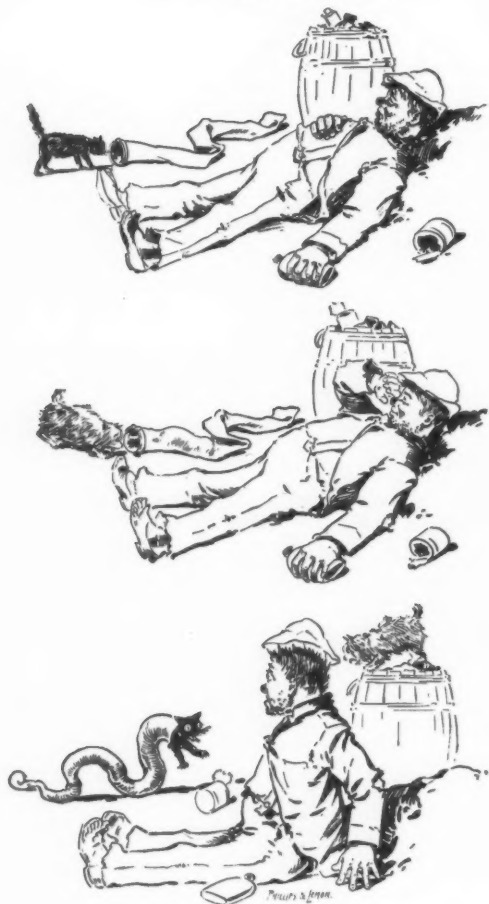
How clever, too, your speeches are,
How quick your repartee,
If only you could really talk,
And really would, with me.

I do not like those fellows, though,
You've with you all the time;
They're dangerous rivals to the men,
Whose only gift is rhyme.

How quickly could we fall in love,
And find a charming wife,
If only girls we really know,
Were like the girls in LIFE!

James G. Burnett.

"IS THIS A DREAM?"



Abe Lowenstein: IKE, YOU'R WASTEN THOT SEGAR! WHY DON'T YOU HOLT IT IN YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU LIGHDT UT?

Ike Lowenstein: HU! DO YOU THENK ME NOSE IS ASBESTOS?

THE WAR SCARE.

"SAY, Chimmie," said Gusty as he lighted a half-smoked cigarette he had picked up, and leaned his elbows on that step of the City Hall which happened to be above the one he was sitting on, "what's dis place, Italy, the papers says is goin' ter fight wid us?"

"Italy," replied Chimmie who was better read than Gusty, "why, dat's de place all de dagos comes from. If it wasn't fer Italy we wouldn't have no bananas or peanuts or grind-organs."

"Where is it? Is it furdur away dan Coney Islan'?"

"Coney Islan'? Well, I guess yes. It's furdur away dan Chicago—so fur away you haf to go dere in a boat."

"Well, how's dey goin' to fight us den? If dey sen' any boats over here dem big cannons down on Guvnor's Islan' would fill em full o' holes an' sink 'em."

"Dat shows all you know about it. Dem cannons ain't to fire off. Dey're jus' for show. If dey fired 'em off dey'd bust. Besides dem boats what dey fight wid is covered all over wid iron ticker dan me fist. Dem cannons couldn't do nothin' against 'em."

Gusty was getting interested. "What's to keep de dagos from comin' over here and doin' jus' what dey want to do, den?" he asked.

"Nathin," replied Chimmie, whose powers of explanation always increased with Gusty's interest. "Dey'd come over in dose boats an' fire a cannon at City Hall an' kill Mayor Grant. Den dey'd kill all de coppers. Den de dago ginerals would come on shore an' help demselves to whatever dey wanted. Dey'd go inter the candy stores an' take all de candy dey wanted an' not pay fer it. Dey'd go to de teatre and take de bes' seats, because dere wouldn't be no coppers to stop 'em. See? Dey'd be de bosses 'o New York an' dey'd kill anybody dey wanted to except de dagos what sells bananas an' peanuts."

Gusty began to look disturbed. "Say, Chimmie," he said, "you know de lame dago wot I swiped a banana off of yesterday?"

"Yes," replied Chimmie.

"D'you suppose he'd tell de dago ginerals about dat?"



THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

She: MR. SUTTON, THAT WAS A BRILLIANT THING YOU SAID AT DINNER—PARDON ME, BUT WAS IT ORIGINAL?"

"IT WAS."

"IS IT POSSIBLE?"

"MADAM!"

"EXCUSE ME—I DID NOT MEAN IT—YOU SEE I WAS NATURALLY A LITTLE SHOCKED TO FIND THAT AFTER ALL TALLEYRAND WAS A PLAGIARIST."

"I dunno," said Chimmie. "Mebbe he would."

"D'you suppose dey'd kill me?"

"I dunno. You're only a newsie, an' mebbe dey'd be so busy killin' coppers an' detectives dey wouldn't have time to kill you. But dere's de extry out—come on, Gusty," and the two boys raced off to the *Sun* office.

NO WORDS WASTED.

BRIGGS: A friend of mine got off a bright thing the other day. He called on a young lady who had a pet dog she was trying to make bark, but the dog wouldn't, until finally she said, "Fido, if you will bark for me I'll kiss you." Then my friend spoke up and said: "I can bark pretty well myself."

GRIGGS: Ha, ha! What did the girl say?

BRIGGS: Nothing. She simply sent the dog away.

A MUTUAL BOND.

MRS. BINGO (to the minister): Won't you have another piece of pie?

THE MINISTER: Thank you, no.

TOMMY (who has been warned not to ask twice): I guess we are both in the same boat.



Miss Minerva Emerson (from Boston): MY YOUTHFUL FRIEND, I HAVE MEANDERED FROM MY ROAD, AND IN ASKING YOU TO DIRECT ME I WOULD HAVE YOU REMEMBER *chi risponde presto, sa poco*. THEREFORE REFLECT A BIT AND TELL ME IF YOU FANCY YOU COULD ACT AS CHAPERONE TO GUIDE ME OUT OF THESE LABYRINTHS; IF SO I WOULD HAVE YOU NOT FORGET THAT *fideli certa merces!*

Young Lady (from "the Bend"): WHAT'R YOU GIVIN' US?



ONE WAY TO KEEP AWAKE.

NO matter how dreary the sermon,
The people will not go to sleep,
If a bee by chance gets in the church
And buzzes loud and deep.

—New York Herald.

THE other windy day as a gentleman stood on the Campus Martius waiting for a car his hat blew off and went skylarking down the street. He was gathering himself for a run when another pedestrian called out:

"Stop! sir—stop!
"Eh? Speaking to me; what is it?"
"Stand still, sir! Don't take a step after your hat!"
"But I"—
"Stop!"

By this time two women, five men, three boys and a policeman were in chase of the hat, and it was not only speedily run down, but the dirt was carefully brushed off by the rescuer before he restored it with a bow and a smile.

"See?" queried the pedestrian who had cried stop.

"I do. Thanks. I've learned something new."—Detroit Free Press.

A KIND-HEARTED lady found a youngster crying against a wall on Race street, yesterday.

"What's the matter, bubby?" she asked, and bubby answered:

"How would you like to wear your long-legged brother's pants cut down so the bag of the knees came out at your ankle?"—Philadelphia Record.

"HEAR about Chappie's little adventure last week?"

"No."

"Why, he called on Miss Ethel Lettie and found Chollie there and offered to fight him on the spot."

"Did she scream?"

"Heavens, no. She just spanked them both and sent them home."—Indianapolis Journal.

HE: Do you enjoy reading the comic weeklies?

SHE: No. Life's too short to—

"Well, if life's too short, why don't you take — *?"

*This space can be had by any first-class humorous paper at very low rates.—St. Joseph News.

FRANK D. STOCKTON was invited to dinner in Washington some days ago by an artful hostess, who had the ices served in the form of a lady and a tiger.

"Now which?" she coolly asked, when they came on.

"Both, if you please," he replied, and the problem is still unsolved.—Philadelphia Ledger.

MISS SUMMIT: I heard to-day that Miss Dizzy's hair came almost down to her feet.

MISS PALISADE: What did she get it so long for?—Cloak Review.

Young Americans

Who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty, must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty.—N. Y. Medical Record.

PREVENT
BALDNESS

Dermatologists tell us that: The chief requirement of the hair is cleanliness—thorough shampooing for women once a fortnight, and for men once a week, and that the best agent for the purpose is

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

One of Nature's Remedies, and the IDEAL TOILET SOAP.

Lundborg's

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AND

Goya Lily.



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